

## THE SPLENDID PORTER.

As my hansom drew up in the station yard he emerged from some private lair, and in a moment I felt like a storm-tossed sailor who has reached his port. The first half of the drive I had been settling mentally what I should give the cabman, and the second half I had been wondering what he would say when he saw it. This is my invariable habit when I take a cab. The Scotch strain in my blood, although naturally generous enough, makes me decline from a sense of duty to pay more than the strictly legal fare; and the impulsive, cheery Irish half of me makes me detest unpopularity and a scene. I often wish fervently that I was pure Scotch or pure Irish.

But on this occasion there was really no scene—for once. The porter took the one-and-fourpence from my hand and gave it to the cabman. He (the porter) appeared to be a man of about six foot six and generously built to match. He had bright red hair, and in the event of a row I like bright red hair—if it is on my side. This porter was clearly on my side. Therefore I wandered a few paces from the cab and gave myself up to philosophical thought while they settled the matter. I felt that it might well be left in this good porter's hands. Indeed, I had so strong a sense of detachment that, even if I had had any cotton-wool about me, I should not have slipped it in my ears. As it was, I heard the cabman say with mordant irony:

"What is 'e—a missionary or just a blooming philanthropist?"

My ears began to tingle, but then the porter spoke:

"Never you mind what he is. You ain't worthy to deal with a gentleman like him. Don't let me hear one more word from you agin him!"

The cabman seemed to measure the speaker with his eye, and then he handed down my two bags in a thoughtful silence.

The porter picked them up as though they had been two feathers, and followed me into the booking-office. I took my ticket, and all the way to the train I was wondering how much I should give the man. It was as though two voices were arguing in my ears. One of them had a pronounced Caledonian accent, and it said, "Losh, mon, gie the fellow twapence and hae done wi' it. Ye'll mind that he's paid by this great and prosperous Company to carry bags."

The other voice had a pleasing Hibernian brogue, which I find some little difficulty in reproducing.

"Sure, ye can't with decency give him less than sixpence," it said softly. "Begorrah, man, think of the weight of



Pat. "THE NEXT WAN O' THEY CHAUFFERS AS RUNS OVER ME 'LL BE SORRY FOR UT."

Thomas. "AND WHY'S THAT?"

Pat. "I 'VE GOT A TIN O' NITRO-GLYCERINE IN ME POCKET!"

thim two bags, and of how he settled that thafe of a carman!"

I listened to them both, and perceived that there was a certain measure of truth in both their arguments. For myself, I should have liked to obey them both, or at least to compromise. But you know what a Scotchman is in an argument! A dear good fellow, with a keenly logical mind, but just a wee bit impatient of contradiction. I got twopence ready and muttered an apology to the Irish voice.

We came to the train in time, and my porter found me an empty carriage. He put the bags inside, and settled me luxuriously in a corner seat that commanded the window rights, so that if I chose I should be able to make all my fellow-passengers quite miserable without fear of contradiction, and then a little nervously I offered him that twopence.

To my amazement he declined to take it.

"No, no, sir," he said with mellow dignity, "there's no need of that!"

I looked at him sharply to see if he was indulging in sarcasm. One of the voices whispered, "Hoots, mon, gin he's too prood to tak the bawbees, you can e'en stick to them yoursel'!" But the man's voice had been quite pleasant, and he was smiling kindly.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well, it's like this, sir," he said, "I don't believe in tips! Whilst I have health and strength, and whilst the

Company pay me my present generous wage, it don't seem right that I should take them. There's a lot too much of that sort of thing about."

I could only look at him in wonder. At least one half of me was in full agreement with what he said. The other half told me that there was something weird and unnatural about it. Besides, the man had been willing and most respectful.

"Oh, come, you must take it!" I said pleasantly, and in my voice I detected a faint trace of brogue.

"No, sir," he said quite kindly but quite firmly. "It's clean against my principles, although I thank you. I'm trying hard to convert my fellow-workers too; but it's slow work—uncommon slow work. You're off now, Sir. Good day and thank you!"

There was the screech of a whistle; he stepped back from the window and faded from my view.

I ought perhaps to have said at the start that this is a dream. There was no such porter really, and never has been.

## Horticultural Notes.

GREAT DISCOVERY BY THE "TRIBUNE."

FROM an article entitled "Home Topics":—

"Of the various suggestions for keeping flowers in the house, there is nothing better than clean vases or jars and fresh, cool water, changed at least once a day."

## HUMOURS OF AN ENGLISH SUMMER.

"Have you forgotten, love, so soon  
That day, that filthy day, in June?"

*Drawing-room Ballad.*

"WAIT, little flutterer, till June is come!"  
(Thus I addressed my panting heart in Spring);  
Wait till the full-fledged woodlands fairly hum  
With tuny birds and beetles on the wing;  
Then by the river's marge, inside a bower  
Latticed to let the blue sky gleam above,  
I'd have you pluck the psychologic hour,  
And ventilate your love."

Bilious with joy deferred, at last, at last,  
I fixed for early June a trysting-place  
(Down Taplow way), familiar from a past  
Chequered with lively memories of the chase;  
Nor had the interval of tarrying hopes  
Been wholly wasted; I'd improved the time  
Learning my words—a string of sunny tropes  
Drawn from the season's prime.

The fateful day arrived—a perfect beast,  
Worthy of March when at his lion's tricks.  
Dawn, rosy-nosed (the wind was Nor'-Nor'-East),  
Ushered a temperature of 46°.  
Through icy rain descending like the plague,  
Close-furled in Jaeger wool and mackintosh,  
Yet whistling "*Doch die Liebe fand den Weg*,"  
I sallied forth—splosh, splosh.

We met; we slithered down the oozy bank;  
Like a stuck pig the sodden rowlocks screamed;  
Her steering, always poor, was simply rank,  
And from her picture-hat a torrent streamed;  
We found the bower beneath a storm of hail,  
Songless save where a husky cuckoo crowed;  
And once I thought I heard a nightingale  
Curse in the Doric mode.

We crouched below a straining copper beech,  
Munching from time to time a campior pill;  
And when I touched on love my flowers of speech  
Drooped in an atmosphere forlornly chill;  
I cannot blame her answer, which was blunt—  
Cold feet will thus affect the nicest girl;—  
Besides the damp had disarranged her "front,"  
Putting it out of curl.

That night, alone before a blazing log,  
And curtained from the cruel leaden skies,  
I thanked my stars, above the steaming grog,  
For that fiasco which had made me wise;  
"Give me no mere fair-weather wife," I said,  
But something like a rock that's roughly hewn,  
To face with careless front the coarse, ill-bred,  
Jibes of an English June. O. S.

## Our Sporting Mathematicians.

As has been pointed out before now, cricket is an uncertain game, full of amazing coincidences. Consider what happened on the first day of the Notts and Essex match last week. In the words of *The Sportsman*:—

"There were two curious duplicates in yesterday's figures. Notts, who scored exactly 100 in the first innings, are 100 on, and in making 59 at their second knock made just as many as Essex in their innings."

This second duplicate, coming on top of the first, is indeed extraordinary. Verily, as "Linesman" said twice last month, "Statistics are the raw material."

## "THE CRY OF THE RUSSIAN CHILDREN."

Mr. Punch hopes in due course to be able to announce a considerable addition to the sum already most generously subscribed by his readers for the establishment of "*Punch*" kitchens for the starving children of Samara, Russia. A letter dated May 28th has reached him from Dr. KENNARD, who says: "To-morrow morning I start to tour in company with Count PETER TOLSTOY with a view to founding kitchens, and taking the names of several thousand more children in order to have all arranged when you send the next instalment."

Subscriptions will be gratefully received and acknowledged by MESSRS. BRADBURY AND AGNEW, "*Punch*" Office, 10, Bouverie Street, E.C.

## SPORTSMEN I HAVE KNOWN.

MANY years ago, when I was young and a Cambridge undergraduate, I used to vary the monotony of books and Boats (the capital letter will indicate the relative importance of these pursuits) with boxing. Long before that, when I was quite a small boy, the great Captain CHIOSSO—or it may have been his understudy—had consented to stoop and punch my head, an indignity I could always resent by punching that of my younger brother, who, being of infinitesimal size, found nothing smaller than himself for the satisfaction of his wounded feelings. Captain CHIOSSO carried on his fistic vocation in a saloon which presents itself to my memory as having been situated somewhere in the Westbourne Grove. There were solid and almost luxurious fittings. The parallel bars, the dumbbells and the Indian clubs seemed to imply a balance at the bank; and the boxing-gloves, occasionally in their effects so painful, were not without their suggestions of decent ease. Everything there was done in good order. You learnt how to receive whacks in the face without flinching. It was an honour to be struck, for you felt that you were associated with no common establishment, and that you were become part of one of the great sports which have made Englishmen what they unquestionably are. In those days TOM SAYERS and the BENICIA BOY were much talked about. Their exploits had fired the imaginations of many boys not otherwise ferocious, and when, as sometimes happened, we saw a real prizefighter, we were struck dumb with respect and admiration. The palmy days, however, had gone, and I myself did not, after my experience at Captain CHIOSSO's, drink delight of battle until I had spent a year or two on the banks of the Cam. Then, as I say, I once more became a boxer.

JACKSON—it is a name not without honour in the annals of the ring—was our instructor, or rather (for there were two of them, father and son) the JACKSONS were our instructors. The place where we learnt was a parlour of moderate size on the ground-floor off "*The Wrestler's Arms*" in the Petty Cury. Vanished, I believe, is that parlour, and vanished are the Arms of the Wrestler. Civilization has swallowed them up, and modern needs in I know not what shape have supplanted them. But in those days—I speak of thirty years ago—the parlour was of an afternoon full of lusty life and vigour. Springy steps moved, cat-like and prehensile, over its sawdusted floor, young breasts panted with generous exertion, young eyes glared with an immitigable fierceness; straight blows delivered with a deadly impact by encased fists resounded with a dull thud on young foreheads, cheeks or noses; and rounds of toil and delight sped the moments along. In truth "*The Wrestler's Arms*" parlour had its crowded hours of glorious life, while the younger JACKSON every now and then, if he did not exactly sound the clarion or fill the fife, gave us some admirable *intermezzi* on the cornet-à-pistons, on which he was a very meritorious performer.



### THE WICKED UNCLE.

[By the terms of Mr. HALDANE's Territorial and Reserve Forces Bill, the Militia and the Yeomanry, as such, disappear.]







### AN AWFUL THREAT.

Worried Mother. "NOW THEN, 'ERE! YOU COME 'ERE! LOOK! THERE GO THE LADIES. SO JUST YOU KEEP STILL, OR THEY'LL TAKE YOU IN WITH THEM, AND YOU'LL SEE ALL THE OPERAS!"

The old man, JACKSON *père*, was the presiding genius of the establishment. Glowing traditions circled about his venerable limbs and body. The inches of his upper arm had once been eighteen; four feet had hardly measured the circuit of his still imposing chest. Feats of strength he had in his youth performed by the score; no weight had daunted him in the lifting; with one terrific blow he had once left a Life-guardsman for dead; his exploits as a defender of women had erst spread terror amongst the more ruffianly. Now, old and robbed of his pith, he was still a tall figure of a man, the shell of what had once been magnificent strength and manly enterprise. It was his duty to teach the novices, and this he did with what I may almost call an old-world courtesy, a gallantry of condescension which tapped without hurting, and guarded so as rather to encourage than to foil. He told me once, when I had aimed at what is known as "the mark" and had struck it, that BENDIGO himself would not have disdained the authorship of such a blow, and that, indeed, it had been one of his favourite methods of destruction. We sparred no more that day.

In a more advanced stage we came under the fists of the younger JACKSON. A big man he was and a heavy, dark-haired, stalwart and endowed with long and lissom limbs. How remote, how unapproachable was his handsome head! Now it swayed gently in one direction, and the carefully-planned blow fell harmless on his extensive shoulder; now it shifted imperceptibly backwards, and as your fist struck

the air your elbow was all but dislocated by the futile jerk; or again it drooped suddenly and your boxing-glove skimmed harmless over his raven locks. He was a fine boxer and a good companion, quiet, manly, respecting himself and always sure of the respect of others. I trust he still lives, a staunch and solid veteran of the gloves, the stick and the foil.

In the intervals between our hard bouts we were permitted to send round to the "Arms" for beer. "Walk round," said the elder JACKSON, after we had reached the limits of our muscles and our wind; and then in the twinkling of an eye the beer came in, foam-headed beer in powder tankards, and "Here's luck!" said the drinkers, and the beer was gone head and all. Then we set to work again.

Some day, when I revisit Cambridge, I shall search in the Petty Cury for the ghost of "The Wrestler's Arms."

### The Increasing Alien.

THE St. James's Theatre's Programme of Music is "selected from the works of British composers"—a praiseworthy idea which must commend itself to the *National Review*. It is, however, a little unfortunate that the names of the first four composers on the programme in front of us are AUBER, OFFENBACH, ZULUETA and CRÉMIÉUX. Had the play been called anything but *John Glayde's Honour*, we should have had our suspicions.

## DIARY OF THE EDITORIAL ENTENTE.

May 25.—Departure of British Editors and Journalists on their Kinloch Cooke's Tour through Germany to establish better relations between the Fatherland and this country. (*Hoch!*)

May 26.—Arrival at Bremen and astonishment of the party to find that even the little children talk German. Mr. SHORTER essaying to do the same to a policeman is arrested for *lèse-majesté*. Nothing but pacific intervention of Mr. SPENDER saves the situation.

May 27.—Visit to the Great Tun of Heidelberg. Illuminated address presented to the custodian by the Editor of *The Licensed Victuallers' Gazette*, who subsequently disappears in the Tun and is rescued by Mr. BUNTING, the Editor of *The Contemporary Review*.

May 28.—The British Editors in Berlin. Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER explains to his confrères that *unter den Linden* means "under the chestnuts." (*Great enthusiasm.*)

The British Editors visit the office of a Berlin daily. The representative of *The Daily Mail* astonished to find that the leader-writer is expressing the same opinion to-night that the paper held last night. Has to be carried to his hotel in a state of collapse.

May 29.—The British Editors at Potsdam. The Editor of *The Court Journal* and Sir KINLOCH COOKE the only men who feel really at home. *Reynolds's* young man goes heavily into lager.

British Editors received by the EMPEROR. Mr. SIDNEY LOW, on making it clear that he is not Mr. CHARLES LOWE, allowed to come too. The EMPEROR, pirouetting gracefully on his right toe, observes "after all why should we not be gay with BUNTING?" On being introduced to Mr. CHRISTIAN, the EMPEROR said he was always glad to meet anyone of that name, and, turning to Professor KNACKFUSS, "Remind me," he said, "to put this gentleman's portrait into our next allegory."

Grand Review of the troops for the British Editors. Speech of congratulation made by the Editor of *The War Cry*. Mr. SHORTER dons uniform of a Berlin commissionaire.

May 30.—The British Editors at Pilsen. Inspection of a brewery . . . . .

The Editor of *The British Weekly* makes "rambling remarks." Return to England of the Editor of *The Alliance News*.

Visit to Berncastel and morning call of the British Editors on the famous Doctor. Congratulatory speeches by the Editors of *The Lancet* and *The British Medical Journal*. The Editor of *The British Weekly* again rambles.

May 31.—Arrival at Weimar. Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER takes snapshots of the back-door of GOETHE'S house and asks the custodian if it was here that the great man wrote *The Robbers*.

The British Editors visit a sausage factory at Essen. Felicitations upon the excellence of the apparatus conveyed to the directorate by the Editors of *The Stable* and *The Kennel*.

June 1.—The British Editors at Kiel. Mr. LOCKER of *The Irish Times* inspects the canal. Mr. SHORTER, playing at Narcissus, falls in and is rescued by the Editor of *The County Gentleman and Land and Water*.

June 2.—Arrival of the British Editors at Dresden. Enormous crowd at the station addressed by the Editors of *The Bootle Free Press* and *The Skibbereen Eagle*. The party then proceed to the Royal Castle, a special elephant, sumptuously caparisoned, having been placed at the disposal of Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER by the Directors of the Zoological Gardens. On their arrival at the Castle the King of SAXONY has the honour of being presented to Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER and his colleagues. In an eloquent speech the KING greets his illustrious guests, and warmly shaking Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER by the hand he compliments him on his influential exertions in allaying the acrimony of international strife by uniting all races on the common ground of their interest in CHARLOTTE BRONTË'S wardrobe. Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER, moved to tears by this generous tribute, says that it always has been his object to promote the music of the Spheres and presents the KING with a golosh which is believed to have once belonged to PATRICK BRONTË.

June 3.—Arrival of the British Editors at Munich. Reception at the Hercules Hall, where the Regent of BAVARIA has the honour of being presented to Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER, and is deeply affected by the condescension of the great English publicist. Gala matinée performance of *Tannhäuser* at the Opera House. Mr. PERCY BUNTING at short notice takes the part of *Venus* and is much admired. Banquet in the Rathaus. Mr. SATTERTHWAITHE of *The Choubent Mercury* replies on behalf of the British Empire, and congratulates Bavaria on the purity of its beer.

June 4.—Invasion of Frankfurt-on-Maine by the British Editors. Unconditional capitulation of the city to General SHORTER. Provisional Government established. Premier, Prince PERCY BUNTING; Chancellor of the Exchequer, Count SIDNEY LOW; Minister of Public Worship, Baron BERTRAM CHRISTIAN.

June 5.—Arrival of the British Editors at Cologne. Grand concert at the Gürzenich Saal. In the absence, through indisposition, of Herr STEINBACH, Mr.

CASSIDY, of *The Skibbereen Eagle*, conducts the orchestra with a shillelagh. Great banquet. Mr. CLEMENT SHORTER drinks to the pious memory of JOHANN MARIA FARINA and embraces the Governor of the Rhine Province, who faints at the unexpected honour.

June 6.—Departure of the British Editors for Denmark. In mid-channel Mr. SHORTER wittily and wirelessly telegraphs to the KAISER, "Wish our visit had been Longer."

June 8.—Return of British Editors, in a state of terrible satisfaction, surprised to find that England still stands where it did.

## "THE ARMCHAIR."

"It wouldn't have a chance," said A. "But why not?" B. asked. He was very young. "Why not? It would be decent and leisurely. It would give good reading for the end of the week, by the fire or under a tree."

A. laughed.

"Why do you laugh?" B. asked him. "Because you are so fond of the inessential," said A. "I thought you wanted the thing to pay."

B., who was very young, sighed.

"What about your Society paragraphs?" said A. "At another table was Mrs. BLANK, looking beautiful in her all-round tiara. Lord DASH was there with his son, and Lady HYPHEN, in a moiré-antique dream, with her pretty daughters. Aren't you going to give them anything like that?"

"Certainly not," said B.; "it's bilge."

"What's the matter with bilge?" asked A.

"Everything."

"My dear fellow," said A., "won't you have any personal pars at all? Nothing about the pet pug-dog of the great musical comedy favourite, and its special barber's visits?"

"No."

"Nothing about the incorrigible popularity of Mr. PENN the author, and his habit of breaking an egg on his hair every morning, and his kindness to the parrots at the Zoo?"

"No."

"Nothing about the little Prince's meals—how they are cooked and how many bites he takes to a plover's egg?"

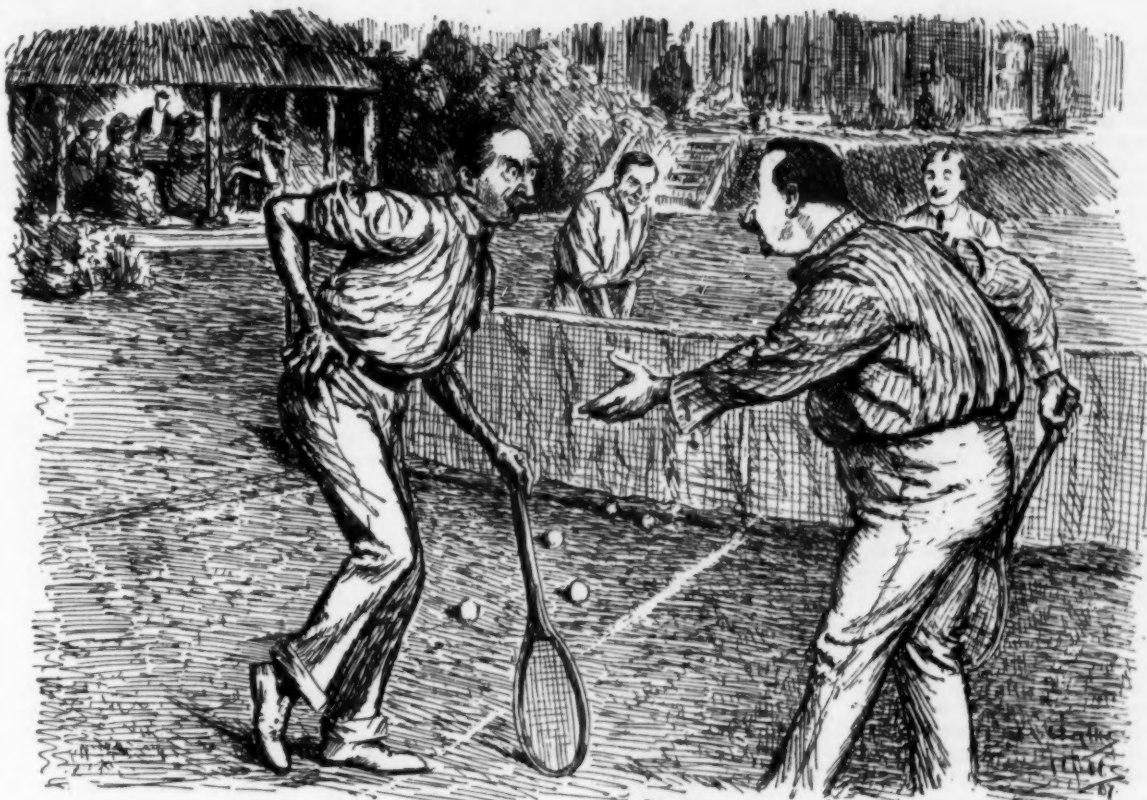
"No."

"No? Then what will you have? How are you going to fill the thing?"

"It will be all genial, all decent. No slime at all. If we have to be critical, we shall; but for the most part we shall just be friendly and readable."

"My poor boy" [B. was very young], "what on earth is the good of that, here, and now? It's all over. And *The Armchair* too. What a title! Call it





Irate tennis-player (who has just received resounding blow from his French partner). "HERE—I SAY! WHAT THE——"  
French Partner. "HE WAS A WASP AND I KILL HIM!"

*The A. C. or Week End Whifflings.*  
You're out of date."

"Well, I'm going to try, anyway."

"On those lines? Being decent and leisurely and all that?"

"Yes."

"I congratulate you on your pluck—but you're a born bankrupt."

#### THE SIMPLE LIFE.

["Miss EDNA MAY and her millionaire husband are going to live the simple life."—*Daily Mirror*.]

I ALWAYS thought myself  
(And always told my wife)

I scorned superfluous pelf

And loved the simple life;

And though my better half

Might laugh,

Still stoutly I insisted

I would not share the load of care

Your millionaire is bound to bear.

In cabs, perhaps, and tipping chaps

I might not be close-fisted,

But on the whole, thought I, no soul

Of simpler tastes existed.

For long I stood alone;

All thought I was possessed

Whenever I made known  
The creed that I professed.

But now a kindred mind

I find,

Whose view is mine completely;

I note with glee this devotee

Appears to see the world like me;

With joy I read the Spartan creed

Depicted here so sweetly;

The homely round that she has found

Would suit me very neatly.

The seats of wealth I fly,

Your palaces repel—

In simple manor I

Would much prefer to dwell.

Give me a lawn where blows

The rose

And hollyhocks are present,

A house or two where just a few

Nice orchids do the winter through;

A modest shoot of copse and root

I fancy would be pleasant,

Where I should not refuse to pot

The inexpensive pheasant.

My stables should not lack

Some hunters—four or five—

A trotter and a hack,

A cob or two to drive.

No simple homely sort

Of sport

My modest tastes disparage;

I love the sound of bell-voiced hound

When fox is found and skins the

ground;

Nor do I bar the motor-car

When tired of coach and carriage,

And I could do with just a few

Within my humble garage.

Then what can people see

That should their laughter raise

Whene'er I claim to be

A man of simple ways?

I only ask to munch

For lunch

The homeliest kind of victual:

Quite pleased I am with chick or lamb

And just a dram of good, dry cham.

For sumptuous fare I do not care

The smallest jot or tittle—

Upon the whole was ever soul

Content with such a little?

#### Sporting Candour.

"LIES for dry fly fishing differ from those with which the novice is already acquainted in their build."—*Field*.

## THE FATAL JEST.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I write to ask you to be good enough to assist an unfortunate friend of mine. To do this will not be so much a matter of favour on your part as a matter of duty. You, being the patron of humour, are morally bound to provide for those who have sacrificed their all on its behalf.

On May the 1st my friend was a doctor with several good appointments, a large private practice, ample family expectations, and a charming fiancée. He had had an energetic and a prosperous career, but, though he loved a joke, he had on principle never up to that day made one. On the evening in question he was invited to dine at a restaurant with certain old friends of his college days, the ultimate idea being to attend at Blank's Circus, and there to see a Young Lady (of otherwise modest demeanour) place her head literally inside the lion's mouth.

The dinner was such a sober success as is fitting to middle-aged men who have cheerful dispositions to satisfy but professional reputations to maintain. My friend, not to be behind in contributing to the happiness of the party, determined at whatever cost to make one joke. Sight of the pepper-pot and mention of the lion's mouth suggested the material, and my friend put this rhetorical question to the company: "What if we by some means unknown were to secrete pepper in the hair of this Young Lady, so that when she put her head into the lion's mouth the lion should sneeze?"

I do not ask your opinion on the humour or the originality of this suggestion. I merely inform you that it had been reported *verbatim* at the circus before the party had finished its dinner at the restaurant. It may be that the waiter, once a doctor *in posse* who had been driven out of the field by the superior ability of my friend, bore my friend a grudge and seized this opportunity of doing my friend an injury. Possibly the man at the next table on the right had once been betrothed to the Young Lady, had been jilted by her, still loved her, and had long desired to heap coals of fire on her head (she had probably preferred the pepper) by demonstrating to her that, howsoever badly she had treated him, his first thought was still for her welfare. Overhearing my friend's remark and being a Scotchman, he may have telephoned to the Young Lady,

warning her of her awful fate, and adding whatever affectionate reproaches he thought the occasion would stand. Possibly—— But there are a thousand possibilities.

On these successful (even if sober) evenings one forgets one's little jests almost as soon as uttered. My friend had forgotten all about his little indiscretion when he arrived at the door of the circus. Here (a detailed description of his appearance having preceded him) he was refused admittance on the suspicion of carrying pepper with intent. At first he treated the matter as frivolous and raised a prejudice against himself; then he protested and incurred general displeasure for blocking the entrance; insisted on his rights and was frowned on as a brawler; denied and was

Lastly, owing to further proffered explanations he is now awaiting trial on a charge of attempted murder.

What I ask you to do is to provide for my friend (when at liberty) some honourable and remunerative sinecure in the service of humour. We take for granted his acquittal on the capital charge. His counsel (a particularly shrewd man) is certain that, if my friend will only admit all the facts alleged with all the inferences possible to be drawn from them and will keep his mouth shut, he will be all right on a technical defence. Counsel is, in fact, confident of being able to argue successfully that, in the light of recent events, murder is no longer a crime.

However, you will see that my friend's social and professional ruin is already complete. That being so, I will refrain from pleading further, and will be content to rely on your generosity. Above all things, I ask you not to treat the matter as a joke.

Your humble  
PETITIONER.

## A PURLOINED PAPER.

[The subjoined fragment was brought to the offices of this paper by an anonymous gentleman without a hat, who demanded half-a-crown for his trouble. If, as we suspect, Mr. G. K. CHESTERTON has been the victim of a highway robbery we owe him the usual apologies as accessories after the fact. The MS. is considerably frayed at the edges and bears signs of ill-usage, being here and there illegible. Both the beginning and the end are missing. No hint remains as to what may have been the subject of the complete paper.]

..... because the real truth about the average man has never been told. The

real truth about the average man is that he does not exist. He belongs, like the gryphon and the phoenix, to the realms of heraldry and romance. We might reasonably expect to find him in the position of keeper in a kind of insane Zoo for blue boars and wyverns and two-headed dragons, but nowhere else. The voice of modern science, however, according to Mr. BLATCHFORD of *The Clarion*, is distinctly against the possibility of two-headed dragons.

In the face of this cosmic fact nothing remains for any sincere and courageous man but to become deliberately a humorist. There is, however, great need for a defence of jokes. Like all simple and elemental things they are commonly misunderstood. The most obvious thing about a good joke is that it is a troublesome and even painful thing to make. The man who makes



Extract from a letter of the Ju-jitsu age.—"DEAR JACK,—I AM PERFECTLY CUT UP. DOT HAS THROWN ME OVER!"

suspected of a sinister motive; vituperated and was accused of being drunk. At this stage the police assumed control, and my friend threw away his last chance by his own folly. Vituperation, impudent and violent enough, has been known to succeed on similar occasions, but explanations can only make bad worse. My friend tried to explain, and was at once taken into custody. Later he made four other attempts to explain, but only succeeded in convincing his captors by the first of his alcoholism, by the second of his habitual alcoholism, by the third of his insanity arising from habitual alcoholism, by the fourth of his homicidal mania due to insanity arising from habitual alcoholism. Also, he lost:

- I. His appointments,
- II. His private practice,
- III. His family expectations,
- IV. His fiancée.



good jokes is nearly always a serious person with a bald head. One must be very happy in order to make bad jokes: in other words one must be an optimist. There is, of course, a philosophy of jokes, just as there is a philosophy of buttons. It is part of the sumptuous folly of adolescent manhood to suppose that bad jokes are not worth making. \*This is admirably shown in that poignant utterance of mediæval realism, the harlequinade. In the harlequinade the two who jest are the middle-aged clown and the senile pantaloon; the harlequin says nothing. The explanation is, as usual, perfectly obvious. For the solemn, masked figure of the harlequin stands for the eternal young man who has made up his mind only to say things that are worth saying. . . .

The question very naturally arises here, How is one to know when a joke is good and when it is bad? The answer is abysmally simple: one cannot know. There exists no way of trying it on the dog, and in the absence of that cowardly and inhuman expedient there can be no perfectly flawless test. Personally, however, I may say that I try them on myself. If they are good enough for me they are good enough for the . . . . . and as it is a daily paper it does not matter so much. When, however, I finally put them into a book I discard the weaker ones.

On the advantages of being a humorist there is much to be said, but from motives of delicacy I shall not say it. There are a large number of humorists in Fleet Street, though on this subject, too, a great amount of misconception exists. Fleet Street is not a place but a state of the soul. On reflection I am astonished to find what an incalculable number of misconceptions exists on all sorts of subjects. It is just as well. Of all the dark and appalling nightmares which have troubled the imagination of man since first he began to dream, none has exceeded, for sinister and blasphemous horror, the conception of a world in which nothing is left to be explained by the superior journalist. . . .

There are two, and only two, ways of looking at a subject. You may look at it standing on your heels, or you may look at it standing on your head. If you adopt the common and conventional plan of standing on your heels you will see nothing in a hansom-cab but a two-wheeled vehicle with a number on the back. But if you look at it standing on your head (preferably in the middle of Piccadilly) it will at once become a thing of amazing spiritual import.

This plan has therefore striking advantages; but it has one extraordinary disadvantage: it has the extraordinary disadvantage that it will almost certainly attract the attention of the common



Aunt. "WILLIE, AN ANGEL BROUGHT YOUR MAMMA SUCH A NICE NEW BROTHER FOR YOU LAST NIGHT. WOULDN'T YOU LIKE TO SEE THE DEAR LITTLE BABY?"

Willie. "No; BUT I'D LIKE TO SEE THE ANGEL."

policeman. It is a curious result of our complex civilisation that our most spontaneous impulses are apt to be checked by the intervention of the common policeman. In a certain sense he serves to protect us from the tyranny of the individual bad man, but in another and much larger sense he serves to impose upon us the tyranny of the collective good man. The real truth about the common policeman—but I said that about the average man . . . .

In certain conceivable circumstances any one of us might become the object of the common policeman's peculiar care. In other words we are all of us liable, at some supreme moment of our lives, to be arrested on suspicion. This is the simplest expression of the doctrine of original sin. It might happen to an ordinary Dean. But for an ordinary Dean to be arrested on suspicion could only be the result of a silly misunderstanding, for no suspicion can possibly

attach to a Dean. A Dean is a man who has parted with almost all the privileges of manhood in exchange for an absolute immunity from slander.

In the book which I am at present reviewing . . . .

(Here the fragment abruptly ends.)

#### Is a General Election at Hand?

"To be Disposed of, a Private Collection of Minerals and Fossils, with or without fitted cabinet. Parliament Chambers, Westminster, S.W."—*Morning Post*.

THE address is certainly rather suggestive.

"Llandilo Council met on Tuesday, when it was agreed to gratefully accept Lord Dynevor's gift of a recreation space for a pathway. His Lordship offered the outer side of the part at 1s. a year."—*South Wales Daily Post*.

We are a little doubtful as to what has happened, but we quite see that it is a great day for Llandilo.



## MILITIA TRAINING.

*Spartan Mother.* "WELL, I'M THANKFUL OUR BILL AIN'T A-WASTIN' 'IS TIME LIKE THAT!"

## THE AMERICANISATION OF LONDON.

Now that the public taste has set so strongly towards American plays, it is time that somebody began to bring the dramas of WILLIAM K. SHAKESPEARE, of Stratford-on-Avon City, Warw., up to date. The fashion of Americanising English successes has come to stay. It appears that we are to have an Americanised version of *The Orchid* shortly. The following is a mere outline, but might be expanded, on reasonable terms, for Histrión SOTHERS or Histrión EDESON, should either of them commission the adapter.

*Hamlet.*

SCENE—*Battlements at Elsinore.* Enter JAS. P. HAMLET, son of the Danish President, and HORATIO and MARCELLUS (of the Elsinore football-team).

*Hamlet.* Say, fellers, about this yer spirit.

[Enter Ghost.

*Ghost.* Say, HAMLET.

*H.* Sure?

*G.* I'm your pop. Your step-pop murdered me.

*H.* You don't say?

*G.* Sure. Poured poison in my ear. I was easy fruit. Say, HAMLET, it's up to you.

*H.* Sure.

[Exit Ghost.

SCENE—*The Palace.* Enter HAMLET, with ROSENCRANTZ and GUILDENSTERN (sophomores of the Elsinore University).

*Hamlet.* Say, fellers.

*R. and G.* Huh.

*H.* Guess we'll have some theatricals here. Go and corral some all-wool stars.

*R. and G.* Sure. [Exeunt R. and G.

*H.* Guess I'll make step-pop sit up, the pie-faced mut.

SCENE—*The Palace.* The Players begin their play.

*The Danish President.* Say, HAMLET, got a book of the words with you? What's this piece about, anyway?

*Hamlet.* You'll see quick enough.

*The President (as play proceeds).* Holy Cat! Some gazebo must have been giving these yaps the wise word. This is all about me and the late President. Yes, there I go pouring poison in his ear.

*H.* Like the play, pop?

*The President.* Vurry bright, HAMLET, vurry bright. Beats Vaudeville all the way.

*H. (in a sinister manner).* Sure.

SCENE—*The Palace.* Enter the President, his wife, HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, LAERTES, and all the characters who are left alive after preceding Act.

*Hamlet.* And now for a bully old rough-house. (Stabs President, and poisons President's wife.) That's the sort of man I am.

*R. and G. (giving College yell).* Rah! Rah! Elsinore! Rah! Rah! Rah!

*H. (to Laertes).* Care to fence with poisoned rapiers?

*L.* Sure.

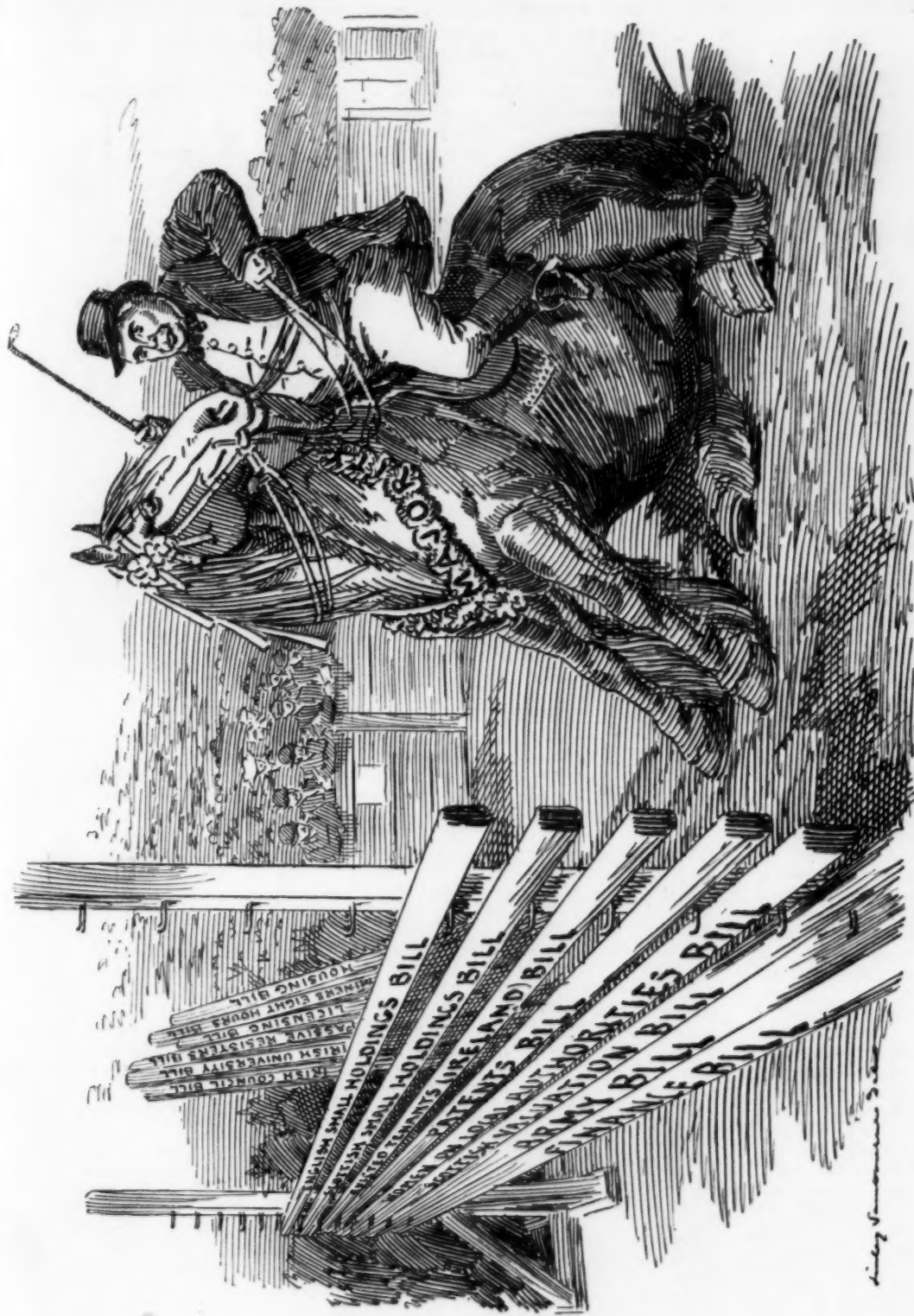
*H.* Got you there.

*L.* Had you then. (Wounds him.) My notice is up.

*H.* Me for the golden shore.

*R. and G.* Rah! Rah! Elsinore! Rah! Rah! Rah!

Curtain.



## THE CHAMPION FLIER.

(At the Great Westminster Horse Show.)

C.B. "NOW THEN, ORBY, OVER WE GO. I'VE TAKEN DOWN THE TOP HALF-DOZEN BARS!"  
PRIZE CART-HORSE. "TAKE DOWN ANOTHER HALF-DOZEN, GUV'NOR, AND I'LL LOOK AT IT. BUT I'M REALLY BEST ON THE FLAT!"



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**ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.**

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TODY, M.P.

House of Commons, Monday, June 3.—  
Again, as on threshold of last week, a  
crowded House eager to hear fate of

he continued, tearing off the Army Bill.  
"Next Session," Irish University Bill;  
"This Session," Small Holdings Bill,  
and so on to the end. Out of sixteen  
infant Bills, seven are abandoned by  
their ruthless parent.



"This Session—Next Session—Sometime—Never!"

(Sir Henry C.-B.)

Members and measures during what  
remains of Session. Announcement  
cannot possibly be further postponed.  
A faint cheer welcomed C.-B.'s rising to  
explain. Curiously halting in manner.  
A good man struggling with  
the adversity of too many pro-  
mises given, too little time for  
their fulfilment. Deadlock,  
he affably explained, due en-  
tirely to Autumn Session and  
those pesky draftsmen. If the  
measures promised in King's  
Speech were only ready, Minis-  
ters would be delighted to  
urge them forward. But, like  
the famous Six Army Corps,  
they are not yet embodied.  
Moral, no more Autumn Ses-  
sions; whereat House heartily  
cheered.

Taking King's Speech in  
hand and reciting list of pro-  
mised measures, C.-B., with  
pretty coyness, dealt with them  
after the fashion of the love-  
sick maiden tearing the rose  
leaf by leaf with old refrain:  
"He loves me, he loves me  
not."

"Next Session," said he,  
plucking the Licensing Bill  
off the stalk and dropping it  
on the floor. "This Session,"

When the halting  
speech, dragged  
over three-quarters  
of an hour, was  
brought to an end,  
PRINCE ARTHUR  
romped in and glee-  
fully battered PRE-  
MIER about the head.  
"I do not be-  
lieve," he said,  
"that any Govern-  
ment on the 1st of  
June ever promised  
so many first-class  
Bills not yet even  
introduced, to be  
passed in the same  
Session."

It was not the 1st  
of June, but the 3rd.  
That an immaterial  
detail. Precision  
in dates or other  
figures not PRINCE  
ARTHUR's speciality.  
But he made a good  
fighting speech that  
roused spirit on Op-  
position Benches.

House straightway resuming Com-  
mittee on Army Bill, Members with one  
consent fled, leaving in possession of field  
a rear-guard of some score of military  
men. Complaint made of hardships of



"INSATIABLE THIRST FOR INFORMATION."

(Mr. W.-lfr-d Ashl-y.)

the Yeomanry, HOWARD VINCENT, humbly  
presenting himself as "an Infantry man,"  
asked Committee to consider other side  
of the shield. The magnificent uniform  
of the Yeomen gave them great ad-  
vantage in, as he delicately put it, "any  
circle they affected." The King's West-  
minsters in their sober garb had no  
chance with the Yeoman, his plumes  
waving in the wind, his garments re-  
splendent in the setting sun.

This, the nearest approach  
to poetry reached in Com-  
mittee, had remarkable effect  
on subsequent division. The  
amendment against which the  
lyric was directed was rejected  
by a majority of 200, the  
maximum attainment of the  
sitting.

*Business done.*—Army Bill  
in Committee.

*Tuesday.*—WILFRID ASHLEY's  
thirst for information is insati-  
able. One would think from  
number and variety of ques-  
tions he puts down day after  
day that he knew nothing  
when, at General Election, he  
was returned for Blackpool.  
On the contrary he thinks he  
knows a great deal. His ques-  
tions are, in fact, designed  
rather to give information than  
to elicit it. The Army Bill  
now in Committee will be  
known in history as HALDANE'S.  
But NAPOLEON B., an honest  
man, will readily admit that  
both in debate and at Question



"Prince Arthur romped in."



THE OLD SPIRIT.

Shade of Lawrence (to Rt. Hon. John Morley). "Well done, Mr. Morley! It's good to find the old dauntless courage still alive at headquarters."

("It would have been absurd for us not to use the weapon given us by the Act of 1818 to prevent such a disaster, and I, for one, have no apology whatever to offer. . . . British rule in India will continue, ought to continue, and must continue."—Mr. Morley, June 6.)

time ASHLEY, who isn't Captain of the Hampshire Militia for nothing, has taught him a thing or two.

To-day ASKLEY—I mean ASHLEY—turned upon STRACHEY, as representing Board of Agriculture, and posed him with sudden presentation of an insoluble problem.

"When," he sternly asked, "does a puppy become a dog?"

STRACHEY lamely answered that, in the eyes of the law, "dog doubtless includes puppy."

In view of this unsatisfactory reply, ASHLEY was tempted to move the adjournment. - On reflection he perceived that debate arising thereupon would interfere with Committee stage of Army Bill, and so prevent delivery of one or two little speeches he had prepared for that occasion. The balance of advantage being against his impulse, he resisted it, and there still lacks authoritative judgment on the question, When is a puppy no longer a puppy but a dog?

*Business done.*—Still pegging away at Army Bill.

*Wednesday.*—Some uncertainty about

case of PAT SMYTH, process server. Captain CRAIG armed him in this afternoon. Through medium of question addressed to CHIEF SECRETARY told a pitiful story. About the hour of 4 o'clock on what should have been a bright May day, PAT, strolling in the leafy lanes that girdle Athenry, was set upon by unknown marauders, cut on the head, "and deprived of a revolver which he was obliged to carry for his own protection."

"What steps are the police taking in the matter?" asked the gallant Captain with a choke in his throat as he thought of stricken PAT.

ST. AUGUSTINE made answer which checked the swelling flood of sympathy. On the afternoon in question, PAT, "who had a slight cut on the head," reported to the police that he had been assaulted by two men. He made no mention of the revolver, but said a stick had been taken from him. Subsequently he added the revolver to the catalogue of plunder. He was not able to identify the assailants.

"PAT SMYTH," the CHIEF SECRETARY sententiously added, "was not sober at the time of the alleged assault."

Here subject dropped; but obviously it cannot be left where it fell. It is not the first time that a difficulty in identifying assailants in a sudden onslaught has cast doubt on a moving story. *Falstaff* had dealings with men in buckram more than three hundred years before PAT SMYTH was cut on the head and "deprived of a revolver" in the precincts of Athenry.

*Business done.*—Further merry closing in Committee of Army Bill.

*House of Lords, Thursday.*—Lord NEWTON, whose activity in respect of reforming Procedure has not been checked by reference of his Bill to Select Committee, offers new suggestion. He thinks that, in view of approach to accomplishment of House of Commons' threat against their partner in legislation, it will be well if the service with which each sitting is opened should be extended. It is now confined to the reading of a prayer. Why not have a hymn also? asks the noble lord.

He finds one appropriate to time and circumstance in the familiar verse beginning:

"And are we still alive, and see each other's face?"

No one knows what will happen after the 17th, 24th, or whatever be the date when C.B. introduces his Resolution. Much better sing whilst we can.

*Business done.*—Indian Budget introduced in Commons.

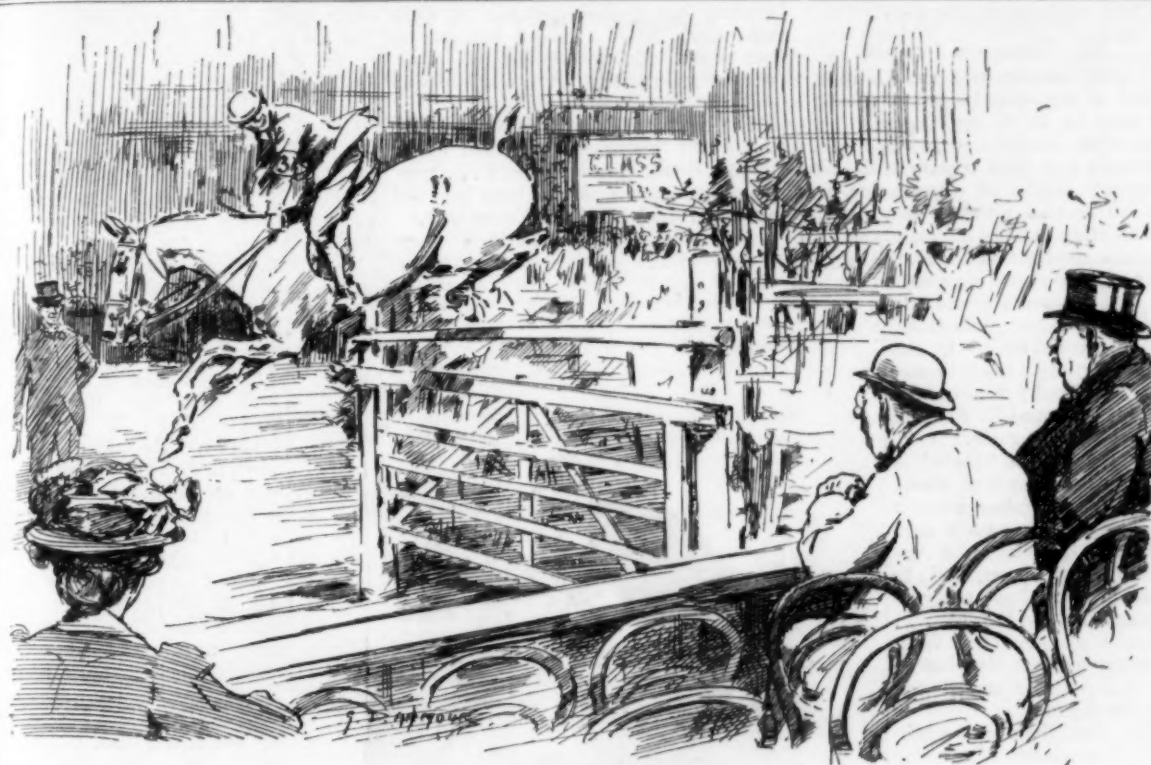
*House of Commons, Friday.*—In opening scene of the play which—in spite of precedent created in analogous case of *The Mikado* and the visit to London of a Japanese Prince—it has been



AN INTERESTING CONSTITUENT.

"Arising cut of that lobster, Mr. Speaker."  
(Sir G-l-b-r-t P-r-k-r.)





## AT OLYMPIA.

*First Stout Party.* "WELL, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF IT?"

*Second S. P.* "NOTHING BUT A CIRCUS, I CALL IT. NOW, SUPPOSE YOU OR I WERE TO BUY THAT HORSE, YOU WOULDN'T CATCH HIM JUMPING GATES LIKE THAT WITH ONE OF US!"

decided shall not be prohibited during stay of King of DENMARK, *Hamlet* recalls series of dread portents happening

In the most high and palmy state of Rome, A little ere the mightiest JULIUS fell.

GILBERT PARKER doesn't want to make too much of what may be a pointless accident. All the same he has felt it his duty to call attention to a singular event happening the other day, in which one of his constituents played a prominent part. Fishing in the Thames below Hole Haven, and meditating upon the accumulated iniquities of the Government, the Constituent, who has always voted straight, caught, not a crab, but a lobster of phenomenal size. Sir GILBERT, who, though a distinguished novelist, never romances, testifies that the monster "measured 28½ inches from the tail to the pincer; the body was 18 inches in length, the claws 16 inches, and the weight 7 pounds."

If this doesn't mean that C.B. and his lot will be bundled out of office next year, Gravesend would like to know what other explanation there is of the portent.

*Business done.* — Consideration of Deceased Wife's Sister Bill.

## THE NEW LEAF.

(On reading some Advice on Health in almost any daily paper.)

MY LUBIN, now we're up in years,  
At times, I think, we grow reflective,  
And glimpse with no unmanly fears  
The Darkness in the dim perspective;  
But still, with half our candle burnt  
(Or thereabouts), in sober quiet  
We take our wine, nor yet have learnt  
To quarrel with our wonted diet.

But if as yet with even beat  
Our pulses throb, if still we step it  
With some assurance in the street,  
The wonder grows we're not decrepit.  
For why? The door on health he shuts  
(See letters to a morning journal)  
Who fails to make his lunch off nuts,  
With forty bites to every kernel.

And (*ibid.*) we, if we aspire  
To go about no longer fearful  
Of wild bacilli, must acquire  
The mulish mind that *will* be cheerful.  
So let us smile, and smile again,  
And, when the cogs of life want  
oiling,  
Draw ichor from the water-main,  
And drink a jugful—nearly boiling.

Then, should we learn to share the view  
That climbing trees has tonic virtue,  
Be't yours each morn to mount my  
yew  
(The araucaria's spikes might hurt  
you);  
While I, remembering happier dawns  
That found my head upon the pillow,  
Will lie me to riparian lawns  
And, pensive, climb the mournful  
willow.

And we will practise, now and then,  
A wholesome discipline, commended  
For helping growth—not mental—when  
Our evening meal of nuts is ended.  
Each sideways seated on his chair  
Shall exercise the lumbar muscles  
By bending backwards till his hair  
Sweep once again the well-swept  
Brussels.

Then come, my LUBIN, let's eschew  
Old ways, old wine, and common  
raiment  
(For which, if half one reads be true,  
Time will exact an awful payment);  
Thus shall we grow more hale and  
strong—  
At least, Hygeia's pundits deem so;  
Thus shall our span of life be long—  
At any rate it's bound to seem so.

## BACHELOR DAYS.

## III.—MEDES AND PERSIANS.

I HAVE already said that I am not afraid of my housekeeper, so there is no need for me to say it again. There are other motives than fear which prevent a man from arguing with housekeepers; dislike of conversation with his intellectual inferiors may be one, the sporting instinct is certainly another. If one is to play "Medes and Persians" properly one must be a sportsman about it. Of course I could say right out to her, "Do this," and she would do it. Or she could say right out to me, "Do that," and I would reply, "Don't be absurd." But that wouldn't be the game.

As I play it, a "Mede" is a law which *she* lays down, and to which (after many a struggle) in the end I submit; a "Persian" is a law which *I* lay down, and to which . . . after many a struggle . . . in the end . . . (when it is too late) . . . Well, there are many Medes, but so far I have only scored one Persian of note.

The first Mede was established last winter. For many weeks I had opened my bedroom door of a morning to find a small jug of cold water on the mat outside. The thing puzzled me. What do I want with a small jug of cold water, I asked myself, when I have quite enough in the bath as it is? Various happy thoughts occurred to me—as that it was lucky, that it collected the germs, or (who knows?) indicated a wife with five thousand a year—but it was a month before the real solution flashed across my mind. "Perhaps," I said, "it was hot once. But," I added, "it must have been a long time ago."

The discovery upset me a good deal. In the first place it is annoying suddenly to have all one's hopes of a rich wife and protection from disease dashed to the ground; in the second, I object to anybody but a relation interfering with my moral character. Here was a comparative stranger trying to instil the habits of early rising into me by leaving shaving-water outside the door at 3 A.M. Was this a thing to be taken lying down?

Decidedly. So I stayed in bed and ignored the water-jug; save that each morning, as I left my rooms, I gave it a parting sneer. It was gone by the

evening, but turned up again all right next day. After a month I began to get angry. My housekeeper was defying me; very well, we would see who could last the longer.

But after two months it was a Mede. Yet I have this triumph over her. That though I take the water in I . . . pour it into the bath and slip back into bed again. I don't think she knows that.

Since then there have been many Medes. Little ones as to the position of the chairs; bigger ones as to the

affair made a very pretty scene, which was known to my friends as "Sunday in the Forest: AFRICA JOE drives his family to church." Besides all these I had yet another animal—a green frog climbing a cardboard ladder. I leant this against the clock. One had the illusion that the frog was climbing up in order to look at the works—which was particularly pleasing because the clock didn't go.

Very well. You have the two scenes on the same mantel-board. One, the frog as Bond Street watchmaker and jeweller, and the other (such is Empire), AFRICA JOE in the heart of the forest. And what does the housekeeper do? If you will believe me, she takes the frog down from the clock and props him up behind the car, just as though he were getting on to it in order to go to church with the others!

Now I do put it to you that this is simply spoiling the picture altogether. Here we have a pleasant domestic episode, such as must occur frequently in the African forests. BLACK JOE harnesses his horse, elephant, hippopotamus or what not, and drives his family to the 11 o'clock service. And into this scene of rural simplicity a mere housekeeper elbows her way with irrelevant frogs and ladders!

It is a mystery to me that she cannot see how absurd her contribution is. To begin with, the family is in black (save the hippopotamus, who is in a quiet grey), so is it likely that they would tolerate the presence of a garish green-and-yellow stranger? (More than likely JOE is a churchwarden, and has not only himself to think of.) Then, again, consider the title of the scene: "AFRICA JOE drives his family . . ." not

"AFRICA JOE about to drive." The horse is trotting, the elephant has one leg up-lifted, and even the hippopotamus is not in a position of rest. How then could the frog put a ladder up against a moving cart, and climb in? No; here anyhow was a Mede that must be resisted at all costs. On the question of AFRICA JOE I would not be dictated to.

But, after re-emphasising my position daily for three weeks, I saw that there was only one thing to do. The frog must be sacrificed to the idea of Empire. So I burnt him.

But it is time I mentioned my one



"YOU SAW ME PUT YOUR WATCH IN YOUR HANDKERCHIEF?" "YES."

"YOU CAN FEEL IT STILL IN THE HANDKERCHIEF?" "YES."

"YOU CAN HEAR IT TICKING?" "YES, BUT —"

"YES, BUT WHAT?"

"MY WATCH HASN'T BEEN GOING SINCE I TOOK THE WORKS OUT AT SCHOOL."

number of blankets on the bed. You mustn't think, though, that I always submit so easily. Sometimes I am firm. In the matter of "AFRICA JOE" I have been very firm. Here, I know, I have right on my side.

A year ago I was presented with a model of an Irish jolting car (with horse and driver complete), which had been cut out of some sort of black wood. The thing used to stand over my fireplace. Later on I acquired, at different times, a grey hippopotamus (in china) and a black elephant. These I harnessed on in front of the horse; and the whole

Persian. It was this way. In the winter I used always to dry myself after the bath in front of my sitting-room fire. Now I know all about refraction, and the difficulty of seeing into a room from outside, and so forth, but this particular room is unusually light, having six large windows along one of its sides. I thought it proper, therefore, to draw down the three end blinds by the fireplace; more especially as the building directly opposite belonged to the Public House Reform Association. In the fierce light which beats from Reform Associations one cannot be too careful. (Incidentally, this building is labelled "P.R.H.A.," which looks, from the order of the letters, as though somebody connected with the association had at least a working knowledge of his subject.)

Little things like blinds are apt to escape my memory, and it was obvious that it would be much pleasanter if the housekeeper could be trained always to leave the end three down. The "training," needless to say, followed its usual course.

Every morning I found the blinds up, and every morning I drew them down and left them there. After a month it seemed impossible that I could ever establish my Persian. But then she forgot somehow; and one day I woke up to find the three blinds down.

By a real stroke of genius I drew them up as soon as my dressing was over. Next morning they were down again. I bathed, dried, dressed and drew them up. She thought it was a Mede, and pulled them down.

But it was a Persian, and, as I pulled them up, I knew that I had scored.

Yet, after all, I am not so sure. For it is now the summer, and I have no fire, and I do not want the blinds left down. And when I pull them up every morning, I really want to find them up next morning. But I find them down. So perhaps it really is a Mede. To tell the truth, the distinction between the two is not so clear as it ought to be. I must try to come to some arrangement with the housekeeper about it.

"Mr. Dan Rolyat, who has been absent from the cast at the Apollo Theatre for the last two days owing to indisposition, will re-appear as Bernard Partridge to-morrow."—*Observer*.

This is the first Mr. Punch has heard of his new cartoonist.

### CHARIVARIA.

AN Imperial Irade has been promulgated at Constantinople approving the project for a German loan to Turkey. This confirms the view held by many that the KAISER's interest in Turkey is not so much paternal as avuncular.

According to the *Mittag Zeitung* (whose statement has since been denied) there was considerable dissension among the English journalists in Germany. Indeed, one of them, it is said, threatened to return to England—though whether it was England that was threatened, or Germany, did not transpire.

A reference in *The Daily News* last week to the two German philosophers

anniversary of his marriage last week, and has now entered on his 93rd year. Mr. Punch respectfully presents him with the following motto:—*Chi va piano, va sano*.

By-the-by, owing to a pardonable confusion of ideas, a sporting paper referred to the happy couple as "Derby and June."

At the New Bailey last week a Mr. JOHN SMITH was convicted of picture-stealing. Two thousand five hundred and sixty-three protests have already been received pointing out that the prisoner is not the Mr. JOHN SMITH.

A writer in a contemporary is of the opinion that the average person does not take sufficient care of his teeth. But there are certainly exceptions. We know one old gentleman who locks his up in his safe every night.

For smuggling a puppy, which he brought ashore in his travelling rug, a man was fined £1 9s. 6d. at Dover last week, and the puppy was ordered to be kept in quarantine for six months. In canine circles the latter part of the sentence is considered a flagrant miscarriage of justice, seeing that the puppy undoubtedly acted under duress.

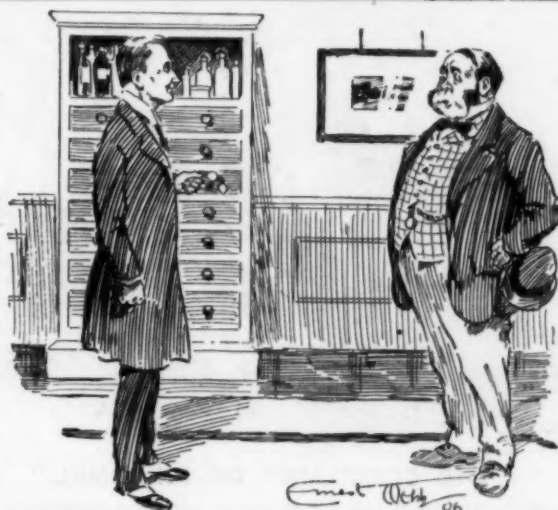
The Public Prosecutor having stated in the great American Labour Trial at Boise, Idaho, that the "Inner Circle" was responsible for the deaths of fourteen persons who were blown up at a railway station, our Metropolitan Railway is said to be considering the advisability of issuing a disclaimer.

While we are no admirers of LAJPAT RAI, the deported agitator, we must protest against Sir HENRY COTTON calling him "The Dr. CLIFFORD of India." This hitting a man when he is down is un-English.

### The Pink of Propriety.

WE have an instinctive respect for the Mayor of COVENTRY, and consequently we find it difficult to believe that the *Star* has done him justice in the following:

"Instructions have been sent to La Milo that the costume is to be pink fleshings, with loose drapery, and long flaxen hair. . . . It is stated that the Mayor of Coventry threatens that unless the fleshings and transparent gauze are abandoned he will sever his connection with the whole proceedings."



Dentist. "MY CHARGE FOR AN EXTRACTION IS HALF-A-CROWN. FIVE SHILLINGS EXTRA IF YOU HAVE GAS."

Farmer Giles (who knows all about the price of gas). "GOOD LOB, SIR, SHALL I WANT TWO THOUSAND FEET?"

"HÄCKEL and HEAGLE" shows that the representative of that journal did not go to Germany a moment too soon.

At a time when so many persons are working to bring about a better understanding between this country and Germany we think it regrettable that one of our daily papers should have published some reproductions of drawings and paintings made by his Imperial Majesty the KAISER.

The difficulties of the Government increase day by day. It has been decided that Mr. AUBERON THOMAS HERBERT is entitled to be summoned to Parliament as Baron LUCAS of CRUDWELL. This means that there is now an additional peer to abolish.

Mr. JOHN BRINSMEAD celebrated the 70th



## OUR BOOKING OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

*The Invader* (HEINEMANN) is the story of a girl with two personalities. Milly was as good as gold; she always did what she was told. Also she worked very hard to get a first in Greats, and generally was obedient to her kind teacher. But at intervals the spirit of an eighteenth-century ancestor would occupy Milly's body. Exit Milly the good. Enter Mildred the wild and altogether charming woman, who shocked the neighbours. Now I don't mind believing this at all. It explains a lot about women which I have never been able to understand. But if I accept Mrs. Woods's premises I do think that she ought to do something for me in return. (My "personality" from Aberdeen is speaking here.) She ought to have given me a serious treatise on re-incarnations which would appeal to the personality which has just been elected a member of the Psychical Research Society; or else a roaring farce to amuse one of my more commonplace personalities. But this tale about uninteresting people is neither one nor the other, but a mixture of the two. It is full of farcical situations which take themselves seriously. So none of me is satisfied. . . . Stay! What about the personality which belongs to *The Times* Book Club? "Three hundred and eleven pages, five inches by four, and neatly bound; look very nice in any gentleman's bookcase." Yes, he's happy enough.

*The Enlightenment of Olivia* (LONGMANS) was brought about in four months and fifteen chapters by a young Oxford professor who mildly flirted with her in her Surrey garden while her bluff, good-natured husband was in the City or shooting grouse. "Once he took her by the arm. Olivia drew it away, and walked on the other side of the path." A day or two afterwards he called her "a most perfect and finished conception of nature." This was too much. She rose and left him. "What more could she have done?" What indeed! "To have flared up and made a fuss would have been impossible, simply impossible," even though she felt that his remark was "a transgression, such as his touch upon her had been." Poor Olivia. She was not nearly such a bad lot as she seemed to herself and Mrs. L. B. WALFORD. But then Mrs. WALFORD is not at her best when she tackles sex-problems. She fails as Sir EDWARD POYNTER would fail if he set himself to paint one of Mr. SIGISMUND GOETZE's allegorical banalities. In describing Olivia's gradual realisation of her husband's worth and her own selfishness she is much more at home, and much more like the Mrs. WALFORD who three-and-thirty years ago gave us the inimitable Mr. Smith.

It is a long time since I read a book which held my interest so well as Mr. PAUL GWYNNE's *Dr. Pons* (CONSTABLE). From

the start you are attracted by a lavish presentment of the peculiar mixture of tongues and nationalities which compose Mexico city, and almost from the start you are mystified by the Doctor. The mystification grows as you read on. He seems to do such unaccountable things, and though Mr. GWYNNE is free with his psychological analysis—almost too free—you do not understand the Doctor's motives (unless you are cleverer than I) till the end reveals them. As an epilogue the author adds a chapter to prove that the story is practically true. I am always sorry to hear this kind of thing; it makes one lose all faith in fiction. I cannot think why Mr. GWYNNE should have given his own story away like that. If an enemy had done it I could have understood. I mean the kind of man who listens to your best anecdote and at the end says, "So I believe."

If the story which Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE calls, prettily, *The Crimson Azuleas* (UNWIN) had been set in England, or

in any other commonplace neighbourhood, instead of in Japan, it would have been a very ordinary affair. Or at least it would not have been out of the ordinary, as it is now, though I think Mr. STACPOOLE would have told it well enough in any circumstances to make it readable. The dry skeleton of it is just that trite arrangement of the woman who is married to the wrong man, and the right man who tries to deaden memory with other interests. Mr. STACPOOLE has invested this old scheme with a new charm by the simple device of bringing the "right" man to Japan, and letting him adopt a Japanese girl as his daughter. The atmosphere is coloured and fragrant with flowers

(though I don't believe he mentions chrysanthemums once) and there is that undertone of poetic, almost childlike, mysticism which is the real spirit of Japan, not yet shouted down by the brazen tongues of Western "civilization."

Not the least valuable, because the rarest, form of fiction is the good short story. Few possess the art of concentration combined with the gift of imagination necessary to present in a dozen or score of pages a complete and vital episode. This art and gift Miss FRANCIS possesses in rare degree. They are displayed in many phases in the fourteen stories grouped under the title *Stepping Westward* (METHUEN). I have read the book through, and, whilst naturally preferring some chapters to others, find pathos and humour abounding.

## The Cautious Scot.

"His life extended from 1750, the year of his birth, till 1824, when he died."—*Scotsman*.

## The Origin of Species.

"Digging in the parks for children."—*Yorkshire Evening Post*.



## "THE COMPLAINT OF PHILOMEL."

THE COMPLAINT WHICH IS JUST NOW DECIMATING OUR YOUNG NIGHTINGALES IS KNOWN AS GALLOPING CATARRH. IT HAS BEEN CAUSED BY THE RECENT SEVERITY OF OUR SUMMER. SUCH A CONDITION OF THINGS WAS OF COURSE NEVER CONTEMPLATED BY KEATS WHEN HE ASSERTED, IN HIS "ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE":

"THOU WAST NOT BORN FOR DEATH, IMMORTAL BIRD!"